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FACT AND TRUTH

THAT the Christmas story is now regarded by many Christians and by most non-denominational Christians as a myth in no way detracts from its power. For a number of people it adds to it. For the word myth in the way it is used to-day by many men of religious perception is not a word implying falsity, it implies truth. As a historical recurrence the Christmas story cannot be accepted by anyone who uses the word history as it is usually applied to events in the past. If the story were actual history then it is safe to say that the standards of truth by which most history is written would have to be scrapped; most history books would have to be thrown away as worthless—and that is asking a great deal. That Jesus Christ lived, and that consequently there was a birth can be sustained by most of the standards of history; but the stories surrounding the birth certainly cannot be.

Not by Fact Alone

But within these stories there is a living perception of a certain kind of truth which cannot be thrown away. Nothing is more sure than that man does not live by fact alone. Falling in love is a fact, but it is not of the same kind as that of an event happening at a certain time or a certain day. For the lover the windows of heaven are open; he sees as he has never seen before; and this is more important than any prosaic fact of which he may be aware.

It is with this kind of truth that myth, as it is understood to-day, has commerce. The mythical story relates some of the glory and wonder in the heart of man; as often, it relates some of the sorrow and tragedy there too: it relates within the fewest possible words the ultimate depths of human experience. That the ancients regarded these stories as factually true need not destroy their relevance for us.

The ancients did not use the same form of thoughts as us; but they thought; and far more important they felt, and more particularly they tried to put their feelings and the truths these gave into words and imaginative pictures that would live from one generation to another. A birth is a birth, but the triumph of spiritual light over spiritual darkness is another thing. The latter is a message for man to hand on to man; in very truth it lies at the heart of man's existence: for what is man if he is not given a revelation of the mystery of life from the men who have preceded him and lived in the same mystery?

Indeed what is immortality if it does not call above the spaces of time to all those who have gone before and shall come afterwards? not in the prosaic fact which dies as time touches it, but in the glory which lives beyond the fact. When birth and death are swallowed up in a meaning beyond themselves then life has meaning—and only on these conditions. That the skies should open, and the angels sing, and men cry, "Peace, Peace!" in a world in which there is no peace, are far more important than the dead fact upon which the grimy thumb rests, and about which the coarse voice cries, "This is true". How often does the coarse voice lie and know that it lies; how often it tries to thrust its own darkness upon the spirit of man; and how often does the spirit of man, often in agonized perplexity, cry "Thou shalt not prevail"—and in crying, throws back the darkness which insults it.

A Kind of Power

In the story of Christmas gleams this truth among so many other truths to be found there, that in the quiet unplumbed depths of spiritual sanctity there lives a kind of power different from all other forms of power. The men who formed the stories from one generation to another did not march with armies or speak from exalted posts. They fashioned their words for the most part in secrecy or in communion with men such as they were. It was the shepherds who heard, and the wise men who came from afar who brought their gifts. "Ah," may well cry modern man, with that most gentle of modern men, Thomas Hardy, "if only it could be so."

But it was already so in Hardy's heart. It is already so in the heart of any man who already believes—believes that the grimy fact is not everything; and that the spiritual fact and solitude pierces all.

To-day the brutal struggle of human power between men and nations continues as in the days of Herod the King and Augustus the Emperor; without shame or reproof the device of organizing power to meet power, of manoeuvring and intriguing for advantage continues, and hardly a voice—where such voices should be heard—is raised against it. It is still the function of religion—for where else is the function to be found?—to declare with all the quietude of eternal certitude, "Thou Shalt Not". It is still the function of men who care to draw away from the banal and the usual, and at least for a moment, to dwell upon the verities of a truth lifted above the cloying facts by which men try to live.

SILENT NIGHT

By Charles Easton

"SILENCE is the perfectest herald of joy." The glad tidings were proclaimed not in the noonday market-place but in the fields at midnight. The angel of the Lord passed by the coming and going of the merchants and the tax-gatherers, and spoke to shepherds who were keeping watch over their flocks by night. The Prince of Peace was born not in the clamour of the palace but in the quiet of a stable. God is ever in the still small voice. It is a truth we experience for ourselves. Our greatest blessing is oftentimes not in the words that are spoken but in the silence that flows around the benediction.

Maybe the idea we cherish of a snowy Christmas has its origin in this need of the human heart for silence. Perhaps it is our inner need rather than the pictures of our greetings cards that endears the traditional Christmas to us. Snow lays a silence upon the festive world. Movement is gone from the trees and the grasses are hidden from the wind's restlessness. Even the noise of our busy steps is hushed. This is the silence we need for worship, and it needs worship to turn a family occasion into the festival of Love Incarnate.

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It is the silent night and not the garish day that blazons forth the mystery of the universe. When we kneel to adore the mystery of love our lips perforce are silent. Only the quiet spirit can receive God, for only in the silent heart is there room for God. We catch glimpses of Divine creativeness as we enter into the festal joy of the children in our midst. We see his love as tireless hands trail the holly and wrap the gifts. But the whole mystery of Divine Self-giving happens only upon a silent night. When lights are extinguished and gaiety is gone to rest, it is under the stars that we must pause to regain our breath and link the fun and the games with the Eternal Love that glows in silence. In the Christmas festival of good things we belong to ourselves. In our gaiety and revels we belong to our children and our friends. Only in the silent night of our own soul can we belong to God. And since Christmas and all its joys has meaning only in the thought of Love made manifest, we can only truly celebrate its mystery upon a silent night. We shall then be surprised to discover with H. V. Morton that "all the noise and tumult and fun of life are a thousand times more enjoyable when there is this inner stillness to return to".

Some of us will be blessed this Christmas with the company of many friends. Some will be blessed in a quiet companionship. Few or many, grave or gay, it matters not. If there is a silent night at the heart of our Christmastide we shall be blessed indeed. Many will inquire whether we had a good Christmas. "Quiet, you know!" we shall reply, and our words will have a double meaning. The truth of the matter lies in the "Imitation of Christ": "Blessed are those who are glad to have time to spare for God".

Christmas Message to "Inquirer" Readers

From the Rev. Frank A. Bullock, President of the General Assembly

I AM very happy to respond to the Editor's invitation to send a Christmas message to the growing circle of "Inquirer" readers. W. B. Yeats said in his play "The King's Threshold", "Poetry is one of the fragile mighty things of God that perish as an insult". He was magnificently right in his description and hopelessly wrong in his conclusion. My fellow readers of "The Inquirer" will not regard the Gospel Nativity stories as records of literal fact, but they are full of myth and legend and imagination which is the very substance of poetry. To many minds these are indeed fragile things, but they are also the mighty things of God. They have not perished and they will not perish in spite of the fact that so many things in the world insult, deny and betray all the radiance of divine promise and human aspiration which shines like a halo around these images. A mother and a child, singing angels, adoring shepherds and questing magi with its noble refrain "Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on earth". These words will draw and hold our most passionate human aspirations. So as we celebrate Christmas, each in our own way, may we grow in assurance that the fragile mighty things of God cannot perish and so find peace and joy in all our hearts this Christmastide.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME"

By Sheila P. Hallam

I FIRST thought about orphans when I went to a school which was attended by children from the local "home," when I was about eight years old. You could always tell a "home" girl by her clothes—they all wore pleated gym tunics in winter and ugly dresses in summer, quite unlike the practical and attractive clothes the rest of us had. Even their handkerchiefs were always plain white, and I can remember giving my own coloured and embroidered ones to one or two of my particular friends. But the main thing which showed these children as being less fortunate than the rest of us was that one of the teachers, when she got angry with a badly behaved class, made sure that it was always one of the "home" children who received the stinging slap on the hand from the ruler or other punishment; and even at that age the injustice of it, when more often than not the ring-leader was not the one who was punished, made us furious with the impotent rage of a child who can do nothing against his elders. For we all knew that the "home" child was made the scapegoat simply because he or she had no parents to stand up for him.

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Have you ever thought what it means to a child to be deprived of its parents through death or divorce, cruelty or neglect? Try to think back to your own childhood, to your parents and family who cared for you and to whom you belonged. Can you remember boasting to your friends that your mother made the best cakes in the world; that your father was so strong that he could lift the house and put it down somewhere else if he wanted to; that your brother or sister or cousin wasn't afraid of the teacher. You had someone to take your little troubles to, who was interested in how you got on at school, who heard your lines if you were in the Sunday School pantomime—somebody who loved you.

The child in the orphanage has none of this, for the paid helper, however good and however fond of children, *cannot* feel the affection of a parent for all the children in her care: there are too many of them, and they are not her own. If you visit friends who have small children, they may be friendly and affectionate towards you, but they are independent; when you have gone mummy and daddy will still be there. But if you go to an orphanage where there are small children, and show some interest in them, they will gather round you clamouring for attention. Any small child likes to be noticed; "Look at me, Daddy," "Watch me, Mummy," are phrases you often hear: they expect attention and interest from the grown-ups in their lives. If this is denied them, they either give up trying and become dull and backward, or as I have seen time and again they become extremely badly behaved, especially at school. If they cannot be noticed in the normal way of childhood they will rejoice even in punishment because for a short time at least they have the teachers' undivided attention.

One of the difficulties of orphanage life is the problem of discipline. If you have 50 or 100 children to look after you are forced into regimentation. Now even small children are individuals; some are lively and like to be one of the crowd, while others prefer to play or read alone. In an ordinary house you can usually find somewhere to be alone, even if it means lying on your bed; but the orphanage authorities cannot let the children go where they like or they would never keep their domestic staff of whom there are few enough in any case. Privacy is not to be expected in an orphanage. In many homes and orphanages the high spirited, naturally noisy child is repressed and punished, while the quiet retiring nature is forced to be continually with those with whom it has nothing in common. Of course, you may find in an ordinary family of three or four children that brothers and sisters do not always get on well together because they are very different in temperament, but they can get away from one another, go for long walks on their own if they want to, play together or ignore one another for days at a stretch if they so desire.

Have you ever seen orphanage children on a Saturday afternoon walk, two by two in crocodile, all their natural instincts to run and jump, dawdle or race, repressed because one person in charge of twenty children dare not let any of them out of his sight? We hear statistics about the amount of money spent per child by the authority in whose care they are, we hear that they have Christmas presents and treats which we cannot afford to give our own children, but do you think this can make up for the loss of love and individual care which the child has sustained? The children's bodies are well cared for, but can the same be said of their souls?

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But, you may say, what has this to do with us, what can we do? People are always wanting to adopt children, so why are there so many in the homes?

Less than 20 per cent of these children are orphans. Some are in the care of the authority because the parents neglected or ill-treated them to such an extent that they are legally deprived of them. Others are there because the parents are divorced, and neither can nor will provide for them. Perhaps one parent is ill, or the child is illegitimate, or the parents, try as they may, cannot provide a home. Some are mentally or physically defective, in which case the authority will not allow an adoption, or the illegitimate child could be adopted but the mother hopes some day to be able to have her child with her.

What can we do? Well, all of us can have sympathy for these unfortunates, and if we live near to a home we can try not to be annoyed if they let off steam and are noisy going to and from school; perhaps we can also persuade others to be more tolerant if we hear unkind tales which do no credit to the teller, but only show his ignorance. Think of your own child or one you are fond of, being in this position, and treat them all as you would wish yours to be treated. Then, if we wish to go a stage further, we might become an honorary aunt or uncle or grandparent to one or two children; write to them, remember their birthdays, invite them out to tea and take them on outings—give them, mainly, affection and interest—and *don't expect anything in return.* A child who has been badly hurt by his world is not going to react all at once and give you love for interest. If we really want to help a child we must be patient and unselfish, and we must give of ourselves with no thought of any reward expect that of knowing that we are doing the will of God, who says, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for as much as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

And lastly, if you have a happy home and a full life, take a deprived child into it, become a foster parent. Only those who are happy themselves can make a child happy, and surely they will be doing it for God.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S CHRISTMAS

By A. B. Downing

WHEREVER an Englishman goes he takes Christmas with him, or at least an image of Christmas tidily packed away as one of his necessities in the portmanteau of his mind. In it goes along with his last memory of the dock-side or the seashore, or the carefully cherished recollection of some last-minute private farewell. With all the mental luggage that he takes with him when he sails away, an image of Christmas is something that he simply cannot do without. It is one of his inalienable weaknesses.

Christmas for us English folk is a peculiarly English sort of word with a peculiarly English sort of sound. It means carols, but not necessarily Christianity. It means pleasant revelry and fun and fellowship. True, the word has religious overtones as well, but these are never obtrusive. They can be ignored quietly or welcomed or made even louder still according to one's taste or inclinations. It is not the religious overtones of the word that immediately matter to most people. It is its purely human and social and seasonal connotations that mean most to the average Englishman, especially when he goes abroad.

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What he makes of Christmas is quite as important as what it makes of him. Even under a tropical sun when he feels, with Sydney Smith, that he could cheerfully take off his flesh and sit only in his bones, even when he feels that all his national characteristics are oozing out of him in drops of perspiration, still at Christmas-time his incorruptible Englishness re-asserts itself. Whatever his surroundings, whether he lives under an atap roof or in an igloo, the coming of Christmas brings the re-affirmation of English habits and English honour. It does not merely bring nostalgia for home or awaken deep yearnings after what only good old England can provide. It summons him to action, to social enterprise. Christmas cards are imported from England and solemnly sent back again. Parties are organized and presents exchanged. Holly is mysteriously acquired at enormous expense. Papaya is forsaken for plum pudding and fuyong hai is banished in favour of turkey. Offices become empty and clubs full and all the signs and symbols of Christmas are either simulated, sent for or somehow, by commercial or non-commercial means, secured. In Africa, in Malaya, in Hong Kong, at the uttermost corners of the earth, the sacred ritual, the annual enterprise, is remembered and repeated. The setting may differ, but the spirit is the same.

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If he represents Government, the cares of the Crown are laid aside. If he represents commerce, he relaxes from the hot pursuit of profits or from the tiring cares of trade. If he is a mere journalist or a common adventurer, an expert or a member of some commission, a scientist, a teacher or even a parson, Christmas still means the same thing and stirs the same memories and stimulates the same enthusiasms. Winding its way through desert and jungle, through ice and mountains a common thread of peculiar English festiveness is re-asserted and re-established.

High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is hot above us—
As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking wan.
They will drink our healths at dinner—those who tell us
    how they love us,
And forget us till another year be gone!

Aye, the Englishman abroad may be soon forgotten, but he himself does not soon forget. His Christmas over, the memories of it linger longer than they do at home. For him there is no surfeit of Christmas sweetmeats, no resigned sighs you do this Day". Careful provision was made against the possibility of sudden interruptions during the services by placing a small spy-hole in the door which commanded a view of the approach to the building. If warning of an attack was given, escape could be made through an emergency exit. In the hired premises in which the congregation first met, an upper room in a large mansion, the pulpit had been provided with a trapdoor by means of which the minister could climb down to the floor below and make good his escape. Such were the devices that were called for in the days when the meeting-houses were built.

There is a very real sense in which time stands still in these historic buildings, now so sadly reduced in number by the ravages of time and Victorian prosperity. One can easily stand in such a building and go back in imagination to the days when it had only just been built. Such an experience deepens the sense of continuity amid change, or the feeling that there are values in tradition as well as in innovation: sentiments akin to those which the great traditional festivals such as Christmas must awaken in the hearts of those who are responsive to their poetic, if not to their theological appeal. In one sense we to-day are as far from the minds of those who built the old meeting-houses as we are from the minds of those who gave birth to the myth of the Christ-child; yet, in another and deeper sense we recognize our kinship, and look back gratefully to the heritage which has been handed down to us from the past.

COMMENT

The Christmas Thorn

THERE seem still to be many people who believe in the old legends of trees blooming at Christmas in honour of the birth of Jesus. One of the best-known legends is that connected with Glastonbury. Like so many early saints, St. Joseph of Arimathea wandered far afield, but ultimately settled at Glastonbury, where he planted his staff in the ground. It put forth leaves and continued to blossom every Christmas Eve, a characteristic that attached itself to cuttings taken from the original tree at Glastonbury. In the year 1752 the Calendar was altered, so that Christmas fell twelve days earlier, and there was great curiosity to see what effect the alteration had on the flowering of these holy trees. At Quainton, in Buckinghamshire, it is said that 2,000 people went on Christmas Eve to see a blackthorn tree that was accustomed to bloom at Christmas. Nothing happened, and so they agreed that the new date could not be right, and they refused to celebrate Christmas then. At Glastonbury, the thorn was more considerate, for although it refused to bloom on the night of December 24, it did so twelve days later, the correct date according to the old style.

Well on into this century people used to go to see a Worcestershire Holy Thorn blossom at twelve o'clock on Twelfth Night, dropping off an hour later. A piece of the thorn gathered at that time was thought to bring great luck. Even oaks were thought in some case to put forth leaves at Christmas. Aubrey says that an oak in the New Forest "putteth forth young leaves on Christmas-day, for about a week. At that time of the year old Mr. Hastings of Woodlands was wont to send a basket full of them to King Charles I".

Christmas Fare

Where I was brought up, Christmas came in summer, but to comply with the spirit of the time, in my own family turkey or goose was served hot on the Sunday before Christmas, unless Christmas itself was on a Sunday, and the same was done with the plum pudding. The remains of this traditional fare were saved and used cold at a picnic lunch taken out of doors on Christmas Day itself, although if Christmas Day fell late in the week, other arrangements had to be made about the meat. I preferred my plum pudding sliced cold to having it in the usual way, but I suppose that special care was used to follow a recipe that answered the dual purpose.

It is said that plum pudding is a peculiarly English dish, and that foreigners do not know how to make it. In a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph* over 60 years ago, a recipe for making Christmas pudding is given from a German paper, "The cook is to take dough, beer in the course of fermentation, milk, brandy, whisky and gin in equal parts, bread, citronate, large and small raisins in profusion. This must be stirred by the whole family for three days, and it is then to be hung in a linen bag for six weeks, 'in order thoroughly to ferment'."

A former British ambassador to China arranged to have a Christmas plum pudding served at dinner to please a Chinese mandarin. He gave the cook a recipe, but was surprised to see it arrive in a large tureen, to take the place of the soup. The recipe was all right, but he had omitted to mention that it should be cooked in a cloth.

Christmas on Sunday

To be forewarned is to be forarmed, and great attention used to be paid to the effect that the day of the week upon which Christmas fell would have on the weather of the ensuing year. We shall have no reason to complain of the weather that is in store for us, for there is an old rhyme that says:

"Nowe take the heed every man,
That englisshe understonde can,
If that Crystmasse day falle
Upon Sonday, wittethe weel alle,
That wynter saysoun shal been esy,
Save gret wyndes on lofft shal flye.
The somer affter also be drye,
And right saysounable, I seye".

Commentator.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN SPAIN:
ITS EBB AND FLOW
J. D. HUGHEY

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RIVALS OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH
L. H. MARSHALL

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A CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

By E. W. Martin

DR. J. S. Whale's new book *The Protestant Tradition* (Cambridge University Press, 21s.) is made up of lectures which the author delivered in America. Such an origin sometimes makes for disunity, but the present work is carefully planned, divided into four sections and always supported by a deep sense of what Protestantism is.

The first two parts are concerned with Luther and Calvin. In the history of religion the figure of Luther is outstandingly important. Not the sole source of "the evangelical faith and churchmanship of the modern world, he was its principal source". Calvin's gift to reformed Christendom was a sense of form; and if Luther stands with the giants of thought and intuition like Paul, Augustine and George Fox, then Calvin and his *Institutes* are to be classed with Tertullian and Thomas Aquinas. "Indeed," says Dr. Whale, "what Aquinas did for classic Catholicism in his *Summa*, Calvin did for classic Protestantism in his *Institutio*."

Modern Protestantism is not a seamless robe but a coat of many kinds and colours, and yet unity is given to sectarian multiplicity by the personal principle, the voluntary and spiritual principles. The supreme issue for Protestantism is the intolerant and totalitarian twentieth century is the oecumenical issue.

The modern issues are many. How are we, for example, to check "the enemies of liberty while at the same time preserving the precious tradition of liberty"? It is true, as Dr. Macleod of the Iona Community remarked, that those who do not care about Christ's death are also likely to care little for a man's life.

But the Christian disunion about which we so often speak is something as old as Christianity itself. And it is a welcome sign that those who have long been divided are striving to come together. Reactions against disunion have occurred in South India, in China, in English Methodism. Dr. Whale's book is one which modern students must read because his knowledge makes past and present cohere. He is able to make our life and our problems meaningful through history.

I suppose that most readers at some time or another have been angered or delighted, according to their mood, by that effervescent essayist and controversialist, the late Hilaire Belloc. *One Thing and Another* (Hollis and Carter, 10s. 6d.) is a miscellany from his uncollected essays, arranged and introduced by Patrick Cahill. It is only true, sadly true, as Mr. Cahill points out, that the modern essay has been cramped and confined within recent years because of lack of space. An essayist cannot now spread himself comfortably as Hazlitt or Leigh Hunt did, or even as Belloc and Chesterton did in their heyday

Whatever may be felt about Hilaire Belloc as an historian—and if ever there was a warning against the way in which dogmatism or prejudice can affect a reputation, Belloc furnishes it—he is a most admirable essayist. He has that quality of gay endurance which Chesterton and Arnold Bennet also possessed. Also his quirks and prejudices serve merely to increase our enjoyment.

A typically Bellocian utterance on page 187 of this book makes one pause and wonder how much thinking Belloc did before he undertook to write history: "A Catholic writing the history of the Reformation for Catholics, and writing it truly, will write it in a different fashion from the way in which he will write it for Protestants". It is not possible to write history by such a method.

Bradford: Chapel Lane Chapel: The sum of just over £455 was given by members and friends of the Church on the Annual Gift Day in October. This is a gratifying result and shows deep appreciation of our Minister (Rev. F. A. Bullock) who, with Mrs. Bullock, celebrates his 29th anniversary at Chapel Lane.

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THANK GOD

By Charles M. Kelly

GRANDFATHER lighted a storm lamp for Patrick and Sheela to carry down the lane and hung another in the stall to give them light to guide them on their return. He warned them to be careful and went off to see to his animals and lock up the out-houses of the farm for the night. He was anxious to leave himself as little work for the morrow as possible. The farm hands would work only for a couple of hours on Christmas Day and grandmother had some tasks for him to do indoors. The children started off walking in their pool of yellow light, which seemed to make the shadows more frightening than ever. Without realizing it they were both talking loudly at the same time and they were very surprised when they turned a bend in the lane and saw a light coming from the low window of a disused cottage. The cottage was small and had not been lived in for years. For a time it had been used to house a few bullocks, and a manger of rough timbers had been built against one wall. Long since the roof had become so leaky that it was no longer fit even for cattle.

As they stood there staring at the lighted window, Sheela peeping from behind her brother, and ready to run back up the lane, a noise which they had not heard before on their journey came from the building. It was the cry of a baby. But they heard it several times before they recognized it for what it really was. Still somewhat frightened but pretending to be brave, Patrick moved over to the window and looked in. He thought that he had left Sheela in the centre of the lane but when he turned to call her she was right behind him and he almost knocked her down as he swung around.

Sheela had seen into the cottage too and now all fright was gone, and even in the soft light from the grimy pane which was the only one not broken and replaced with sacking, her face beamed with joy. Together they went to the door and pushed it open. A lantern swung in the draught and sent shadows jumping up the walls. Both were too much taken up with what they saw to speak for a time, and it was the man seated on the bale of straw who spoke first.

"We don't mean any harm . . . we haven't stolen anything . . . we'll be gone by tomorrow. . . ."

A dog crouched silent but watchful under his hand and tried to spring forward when Sheela crossed the spread straw on the floor to where the woman sat nursing the baby in her arms, but the man held the dog and spoke again: "You see Miss, we asked at all the farms along the way but they told us to be off . . . no one wants tinkers, especially at a time like this when they are too busy to keep watch on their fowls. . . ."

However much Patrick and Sheela combined their assurances the man insisted that by morning they would be gone and kept repeating that he intended no harm. By this time all Sheela wanted was for them to stay until the morning and for as long as they wished. At last Patrick was able to leave his sister while he ran up the lane to the farm house to tell his grandparents what a real crib they had found.

In his excitement he banged the door as he went out and the frightened baby cried again and the donkey which they had not noticed standing in the deep shadow by the far wall turned and came into the light and looked at the baby. The lurcher dog whipped his flanks with his tail and nuzzled the old coat that swaddled mother and child.

Sheela kneeling there was planning what gifts she would bring in the morning for the travelling folks' baby. Patrick, racing in the leaping light of his lamp, spoke aloud his ideas " . . . and honey . . . and . . . and. . . ."

"How old is he?" asked Sheela.

"Only about an hour."

"The tinker man stood up and adjusted the spotted red and white handkerchief about his swarthy throat and the tinker woman rose to her feet too. Gently she placed the sleeping child in the deep fresh straw in the manger. "Thank God," she said, and her husband said it too.

STORIES OF THE LORD JESUS

by
Amy le Feuvre
and
Lettice Bell

58 Stories from the Gospels told for the younger children.

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"FAITH AND FREEDOM"

Since the Rev. E. Shirvell Price, the editor of *Faith and Freedom*, spent some four months in the U.S.A. and Canada, there has come a considerable accession of subscribers to this interesting magazine from the other side of the Atlantic. It may be to this that the preponderance of American writing in the Autumn issue is due. Out of the six articles that it contains, four are American, including by far the most interesting contribution, Dr. Paul Tillich's "Psychoanalysis Existentialism and Theology," which is a version of the Channing Lecture, given in Chicago last year. Dr. Tillich is one of the most thought-provoking of American theologians, and in his paper he deals with some present-day fashions in philosophy in a trenchant style.

The Rev. W. A. Hellaby, discussing "The Authority of the Church," takes what some Unitarians would consider to be a theologically "right-wing" view of the question, anchoring the modern Church firmly to the New Testament—and, rather surprisingly, also to the Old Testament. Yet he quotes approvingly Schweitzer's saying: "Christianity cannot take the place of thinking, but it must be founded on it."

Other contributions may seem a little "thin" after these two weighty efforts, though both Dr. S. S. Robin's "The Other Road in Medicine and Religion" and Dr. R. S. Platt's "MRA: Help of Hindrance in Our World" have points which most perplexed people of our day will find helpful.

In fact—as always in *Faith and Freedom*—there is much to enjoy, not least in the list of "Anticipations," from which the contents of future issues will be drawn. One senses the editor's perpetual dilema, which makes the proverbial getting a quart in a pint pot easy. He no doubt has in hand enough interesting material to fill three or four issues; but to read that material his readers will have to wait with as much patience as they can command. J.R.

AN AUSTRALIAN CENTENARY

Adelaide Unitarian Church Celebrates its 100th Birthday

On September 23, 1855, the first Unitarian service in Adelaide was conducted by the Rev. John Crawford Woods, B.A., at Hazelwood, the home of Mrs. Francis Clark, sister of Sir Rowland Hill of penny postage fame. One hundred years later in Hazelwood Park on September 23rd began the Centenary celebrations with a gathering and tea. On October 7th there was an Organ and Choral Recital in the church to mark the first public service and on October 9th the morning service was one of dedication for the second hundred years. The young people read the lessons and a copy of the Bible was given to every Sunday School Scholar for use in the school and as a reminder of the centenary, these were given by Mr. Alfred Crompton, grandson of Mrs. Francis Clark and Mrs. Burden, grand-daughter of Mr. Edward M. Martin, at whose home services were held by Mr. Woods on September 30, 1855. Among the recipients were several great-grand-children of the first founders.

On October 9 the Rev. W. Bottomley, of Melbourne, took the service; and on October 16 the evening service was taken by the Rev. G. E. Hale, of Sydney, minister of the church from 1918-45, thus bringing to an end the celebrations. The church was filled to overflowing by nearly 500 people.

The official Centenary Service was held on Sunday morning, October 16 in the presence of a congregation of over 350. His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Mellis Napier, whose wife comes of an old Unitarian family, read the first lesson, and Sir Arthur Rymill read the second lesson. The minister, the Rev. Colin Gibson; conducted the service and preached the centenary sermon. A tape recording was made and this was broadcast over Station 5AD in the afternoon. After service many reunions of church families took place.

The September, October and November calendars of the church devoted much space to telling the story of the beginnings of the cause, to accounts of the various special services and messages of greeting from other Commonwealth churches, the General Assembly, the Fellowship Secretary of the Women's League, Mrs. M. G. Mitchell, the Rev. Margaret Barr and the minister of the First Unitarian Church, San Diego, who discovered our faith in the church; also there was a message to the secretary from the Catholic Archbishop which read: "With congratulations and best wishes for your Centenary Celebrations." There are also reports of the address given by Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Hale.

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Last year the church suffered damage from an earthquake and in order to make this good it was forced to realize on most of its investments. Earlier this year it suffered the death in middle life of its hardworking and very efficient secretary, Mr. J. R. Hardy. It faced all these blows with great determination and raised a special fund to help educate the Hardy children; began the replacement of the investments, and now has decided to raise its minister's stipend by a substantial amount.

From all this it is clear that our cause in Adelaide goes into its second centenary with a wonderful spirit that augurs well for its future.

FIVE SCORE YEARS AND MORE

On Sunday, December 11th, two commemoration tablets were unveiled to the Misses Jane and Carrie Badland, in the Kidderminster Chapel, in the presence of a large congregation, including civic dignitaries. The Misses Badland were present. Miss Jane is in her 104th year, and Miss Carrie in her 100th. Both have been devoted workers at the chapel all their lives.

A message was read from the President of the General Assembly, the Rev. Frank Bullock.

The Rev. H. Whitaker, minister of the chapel, concluded his address on the occasion in the following words:

"We sometimes say how fortunate Miss Jenny and Miss Carrie are to be able to get about as they do, which is true enough. We are aware that they come of a long-lived family, and that they have been spared much of the hard physical toil that falls to many. This they gratefully acknowledge. But there is something more to be added. Both sisters possess a religious faith which has supported them in all the ups and downs of life. They have had their difficulties and trials, as we all have, but they have met them with fortitude and trust in a God of wisdom and love. From this deep faith has come that composure and peace of mind and heart of which all who know them are so well aware. Their religion, too, lies behind their sense of right doing and their long and useful

Miss Carrie, Miss Jane Badland and a friend

lives of unselfish service. They believe that Christianity is a way of life, living in the spirit of the Master Christian, rather than the acceptance of any intellectual formula. So, to-day, we give thanks to God for what our two dear friends have done, and for what they have been in themselves, through the years.

"Their longevity is a matter for no little wonder, but we would more deeply rejoice and are more grateful for their high sense of duty and their devotion to those ends and aims of life which would make life a richer possession for all. They have awakened in many a new awareness of their individual responsibilities, and a truer appreciation of the worth and dignity of human life."

THE INQUIRER

All letters and manuscripts or the Editor must reach the Office not later than Monday morning for publication the same week. All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

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TEL.: EUS. 7554 Editorial: EUS. 2912

NEWS REVIEW

Our Contributors: Charles Easton is the minister of Unity Church, Torquay. **Sheila P. Hallam** is the wife of the Rev. J. S. Hallam (who himself will write next week), of New Mill Chapel. Lydgate. **A. B. Downing** is minister of the Wilmslow and Styal Chapels. **Muriel Hilton,** known well to our readers, is the wife of the Rev. Denbigh Hilton, of Hastings. **"L.M."** is the **Rev. Leonard Mason,** of Leicester; he goes for a walk, comes back with a poem in his head, and sets no store by it! **A. Phillip Hewett** is the minister of the Ipswich Chapel. **"Commentator"** is himself! **E. W. Martin** is a professional journalist and a good friend of *The Inquirer*. **Charles M. Kelly** is an Irishman and minister at Moira, Northern Ireland. Our readers' thanks to them, and to others who help us week by week.

British Council of Churches

The Autumn Meeting of the Council was held in Manchester on October 25th and 26th. Of the two General Assembly representatives, the Rev. John Kielty was unable to attend, but the Rev. A. W. Vallance was present; also present was the Rt. Rev. John Radcliffe, who represents "other denominations" than the larger religious bodies in Ireland.

The work of the Council that most interests Unitarians is certainly the Inter-Church Aid and Refugee Service, and the department of Social Responsibility. There are still centres for displaced persons that have to be maintained in Europe, and work for refugees is going on in many parts of the world. A Christmas appeal for refugee work is being made to all churches.

The Department of Social Responsibility brought forward a resolution on deaths and injuries on the road which was discussed at length and carefully amended, and finally it was decided to send a deputation to bring the resolution to the notice of the Government. The resolution is designed to promote the most effective action to reduce road accidents, and to that end it calls upon the government to make available all relevant information from this and other countries bearing on the prevention of road accidents, so that further research can be undertaken to inquire for example in those where blood or other tests are enforced where driving under the influence of drink is suspected. It is not enough to isolate any particular factor in the causation of accidents; all need to be taken into account, e.g. road engineering, road-worthiness of vehicles, speed, and driving under the influence of drink. All possible evidence should be collected and impartially assessed.

The Unitarian churches of the district were adequately represented at the public meeting held in the Free Trade Hall, when a strong appeal for realising Christian unity in all possible ways at the local level was made by the Rev. Kenneth Slack, the new secretary of the British Council of Churches. *A.W.V.*

Knutsford: A recent Sunday evening service was conducted by members of the Young People's League. The whole Service was conducted with dignity and reverence and deeply impressed the large congregation. In his address on "Religion in the Home", Roger Troughton said: "It is one of the most regrettable facts of the last few years that religion in many homes has practically ceased to exist". After stating what he believed are the causes, he maintained that the only way to recover moral discipline in the home is by the influence of religion, and said: "Not the narrow stifled dogmatic religion of some churches, but a religion based on the Two Great Commandments of Christ to love God with all the heart and mind, and thy neighbour as thyself."

Liverpool: Hope Street: The Hope Street Calendar, which began publication in February, 1885, in the ministry of the Rev. R. A. Armstrong, and, with certain intermissions, has continued to the present time, recently appeared in a new form, and gives an interesting account of the present position of the historic church. Various proposals have been under consideration, including one to demolish the present building, dating from 1849, and erect a smaller edifice on the present site, but the present worshippers ask: "Would such a church, or another in the outer suburb, be Hope Street?". Meanwhile, it has recently been agreed to await a report on the condition of the fabric by a competent architect, working in collaboration with a dry-rot expert. A significant reference to the report indicates that "certain features may lead to somewhat surprising developments—an intriguing situation about which we regret we are unable to be more explicit at the moment"!

Those interested in Hope Street's present, and future, will doubtless look "at each other with a wild surmise", hoping their suspense may not be prolonged.

Liverpool: Toxteth: The Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, Liverpool, built in 1618, celebrated its 337th birthday on November 30 by having floodlights installed to illuminate the chapel entrance and courtyard.

The new installation at the Ancient Chapel will at least dispel that dim light, which often mistakenly goes by the name of religious. It may also serve to attract wayfarers into the hallowed precincts of this simple shrine, where divine worship has been continuously conducted since the days when the Authorized Version was a new and somewhat unfamiliar rendering of the Word of God; and the minister and congregation hope that the floodlighting will explode forever the local legend that the premises are but the silent Chapel of Rest for an adjacent undertaker. The fictitious nature of this latter assumption would have been recognized by any stranger attending the morning Founder's Day Service on Sunday, November 27, when a congregation of about 50 adults and 60 uniformed children assembled to pay tribute to "our fathers, our benefactors, and our friends".

The Ancient Chapel has also to record its recent successful Sale of Work, which was opened by Sir Bertram Chrimes, C.B.E., when a profit of £125 was raised for chapel funds.

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Ruth Serjeant

The death of Ruth Serjeant on November 30 in a London hospital, has brought sadness to the hearts of many friends who knew her as Ruth Pearson in our Church life and activity in Liverpool many years ago. She had behind her a strong Unitarian tradition. Her mother had been headmistress of the Hope Street Day School in the long ago and actively associated with Hope Street Church, and later Mr. Pearson, Ruth and Talbot (now director of the Unitarian Laymen's League in America) rendered devoted and loyal service to Ullet Road Church. A gifted violinist Ruth was ever ready to place her gifts at the disposal of our Churches and all sorts of charitable institutions in the city.

A devoted mother to her children, she carried heavy responsibilities with indomitable courage and had her full share of anxiety and misfortune.

And when the last great trial came and there seemed little chance of recovery, the thought of leaving her family must have sent a chill into "the sad heart of Ruth", but the light still shone and she continued to hope when the thing hoped for seemed faint and far away. In changing fortune she always remembered her friends, and her friends will always remember her with gratitude and affection now that she has gone.

L.R.

Miscellaneous

Christmas Greetings: A Happy Christmas to all friends, known and unknown, and best wishes for 1956. F. M. Nicholson, Hove.

THE CALENDAR OF THE CHURCHES

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18th, 1955

ABERDARE, Highland Place, 11 and 6, Rev. D. Jacob Davies
ABERDEEN, Unitarian Church, Skene Street, 11 and 6, Rev. Gordon [illegible]
ABERYSTWYTH, New Street Meeting House, 11, Mr. [illegible] Nicholas
ALTRINCHAM, Dunham Road Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Arthur W. Vallance
AINSWORTH, Unitarian Church, Knowsley Road, 11.15 and 3, Rev. B. Gill
ASTLEY, Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Road, 6.30, Supply

BATH, Trim Street Chapel, Unitarian, 6.30, Mr. R. H. J. [illegible]
BELFAST, All Souls, Elmwood Avenue, 11.30 and 7, Dr. A. L. Agnew
BELFAST, First Church, Rosemary Street, 11.30 and 7, Dr. H. J. McLachlan
BESSELS GREEN (nr. Sevenoaks), Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. John Kielty
BILLINGSHURST, Free Church, High Street, 11.15, Rev. J. Martin Hall
BIRKENHEAD, Unitarian Church, Bessborough Road, 6.30, Rev. Maurice [illegible]
BIRMINGHAM, Church of Messiah Broad Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Gordon [illegible]
BIRMINGHAM, Waverley Road Church, and Hurst Street Mission, Small Heath, 6.30 Rev. Ronald McGraw
BLACKPOOL, North Shore, Dickson Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. H. [illegible]
BLACKPOOL, South Shore, Lytham Road, 11 and 6.30, —
BOLTON, Bank Street, 2.30, Sunday School, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. J. Gordon Davies
BOLTON, Halliwell Road Free Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. [illegible]
BOLTON, Unity Church, Deane Road, 10.30, 2.15 and 6.30, Rev. Arthur J. Long
BOSTON (Lincs.), Unitarian Chapel, Spain Lane, 6.30, Rev. Henry Hall
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill Road, 11, Rev. Lawrence Redfern
BRADFORD, Broadway Avenue, 2.45 and 6.30, [illegible] Services
BRADFORD, Town Hall Square, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Frank A. Bullock
BRIDGWATER, Christ Church, Dampiet Street, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. W. H. [illegible]
BRIDPORT, Unitarian Chapel, 11 and 6.30 Rev. G. Randall Jones,
BRIGHTON, Christ Church Unitarian, New Road, 11, Rev. J. [illegible] Walker, 6.30, Rev. John Rowland
BRISTOL, Lewin's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Rev. A. H. Birtles
BRISTOL, Oakfield Road, 11, Rev. A. H. Birtles, 6.30, Rev. J. [illegible] Davis
BURNLEY, Unitarian Church, Trafalgar Street, 3, Rev. W. Hill Waring
BURY, Bank Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. M. [illegible]

CAMBRIDGE, Memorial Church, Emmanuel Road, 11 and 6, Rev. H. Stewart Carter
CARDIFF, The West Grove Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Mr. Roy Jones
[illegible], Unitarian Church, Lorne Street, 2.15, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. F. D. Jones
CHATHAM, The Church of the Great Companions, Hammond Hill, 3, Mr. John Pickering
[illegible], Bayhall Unitarian Church, Royal Wells, 11, Study Service, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. Barbara Thomas
CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, Trinity Street, 11.15, No Sermon, 6.30, Rev. C. A. [illegible]
CHESTERFIELD, Elder Yard Church, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Ernest Shaw
CHOWBENT Chapel, Atherton, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Kenneth Twinn
COSELEY, Staffs., Old Meeting House, Old Meeting Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. P. C. [illegible]
COVENTRY, Holyhead Road, 2.30, Sunday School, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Allen Williams
CREWE, Free Christian Church, Beech Street, 6.30, Supply
[illegible], Unitarian Church, [illegible] Street, 11 and 6.30, Mrs. M. R. [illegible]
CROYDON, Free Christian Church, Wellesley Road, 11, Rev. J. P. [illegible] (Also 6.30, 1st Sunday in the month)

DEAN ROW, 10.45, Rev. A. B. Downing. STYAL, 6.30, Rev. A. B. Downing
DERBY, [illegible] Street Chapel, 11, Children's Chapel, 6.30, Rev. F. [illegible]
DERBY, Friar Gate Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. A. D. Williams
DORKING, Old Meeting House, 10.45, Rev. John Rowland
DONCASTER, Free Christian Church, Hall Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. W. [illegible]
DOVER, Adrian Street, Unitarian Church, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. E. G. [illegible]
DUBLIN, Stephen's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. Savell Hicks
DUDLEY, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton Street, 11, Supply, 6.30, Mr. B. [illegible]
DUKINFIELD, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. [illegible] P. [illegible]

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Dundee, Williamson Memorial Unitarian Church, 53 Constitution Road, 11, Rev. A. E. Potts

Edinburgh, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. B. Tavener
Exeter, George's Chapel, South St., 6.30, Rev. Sidney Spencer

Gee Cross, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. Harry Smith
Glasgow, St. Vincent Street Unitarian Church, 11 and 6.30, Mr. Bruce Findlow
Glossop, Unitarian Church, Fitzalan St., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Graham Short
Guildford, Ward Street Church, 11.15, Rev. R. Nicol Cross

Hale Chapel, Hale Barns, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. John Storer
Halifax, Northgate End, 3, Carol Service
Hastings, Free Christian Church, South Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. [illegible] Hilton
Hinckley, Great Meeting, Baines Lane, 11 and 6, Rev. Ralph E. Goddard
Horsham, Worthing Road, 6.30, Rev. J. Martin Hall
Huddersfield, Fitzwilliam Street, 11, Rev. J. B. Towers
Hull, Park Street Church (Unitarian), 6.30, Rev. Ernest Penn

Isle of Wight, Newport, Unitarian Christian Ch., 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. Carter

Kendal, Market Place Chapel, 6.30, Supply
Knutsford, Brook Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Stanley Mossop
Kidderminster, New Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. Whitaker

Lancaster, St. Nicholas Street Church, 6.30, Rev. L. Hall
Leeds, Mill Hill Chapel, City Square, 10.45, Rev. T. Brett Davies, 6.30, Mr. G. A. Birks
Leicester, Narborough Road, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Mr. C. V. Walters
Leicester, The Great Meeting, East Bond Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Leonard Mason
Letchworth, Secretary, Miss J. E. Lindsay, The Little House, Garth Road
Lewes, Westgate Chapel, 11, Rev. W. J. McEldowney
Lincoln, High Street, Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. H. W. Kingsmill
Liverpool, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Dr. P. N. Tindall
Liverpool, Bootle Free Church, 11, Rev. Brian L. Golland
Liverpool, Domestic Mission, Mill Street, 6.30, Rev. J. Kerr Mitchell
Liverpool, Gateacre Chapel, 11, Rev. Stanley R. Butler
Liverpool, Hamilton Road, Everton, 3, Sunday School, 6.30, Rev. B. L. Golland
Liverpool, Hope Street, 6.30, Supply
Liverpool, Ullet Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. Shirvell Price
London, Bell Street, Edgware Road, 6, Mr. D. Howe
London, Blackfriars Mission and Stamford Street Chapel, 6.30, Rev. Donald P. Mayo
London, Bell Street, Edgware Road, 6, Rev. Walter M. Long
London, Blackfriars Mission and Stamford Street Chapel, 6.30, Rev. Donald P. Mayo
London, Brixton, Effra Road, 11, Mr. S. R. Martin
London, Essex Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. C. Ballantyne
London, Forest Gate, Upton Lane, 6.30, Mr. G. J. Price
London, Golders Green, Hoop Lane, 11, Mr. M. Thornycroft, 6.30, Rev. K. C. Thacker
London, Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham Place, 6.30, Rev. J. P. Chalk
London, Hampstead, Rosslyn Hill, 11, Rev. Donald P. Mayo
London, Highgate Hill Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. K. C. Thacker
London, Ilford High Road, 6.30, Rev. John Kielty
London, Islington Unitarian Church, Upper Street Fenton Hall, 6.30, Rev. A. V. Fox
London, Kilburn Unitarian Christian Church, Quex Road, 11, Rev. A. V. Fox
London, Lewisham Unitarian Church, High Street, 11, Rev. Dudley Richards
London, Leytonstone, Lea Bridge Road, Knotts Green, 6.30, Mr. T. E. Barnes
London, Mansford Street Church, Bethnal Green, 6.30, Rev. J. W. Dobbs
London, Richmond Free Church, Ormond Road, 11, Rev. Walter M. Long
London, Stratford, West Ham Lane, Unitarian Church, 11.30, Children's Church, 6.30, Mrs. E. Sowter
London, Wandsworth Unitarian Church, East Hill, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Arthur Peacock
London, Welsh Unitarian Ch. at Highgate Hill Unitarian Ch., 1st and 3rd Sundays 6, Rev. T. L. Jones
London, Wood Green, Unity Church, Newham Road, 6.30, Rev. F. Hankinson
Lytham, St. Annes (Ansdell), Unitarian Church, Channing Road, 11, Rev. W. A. Hellaby

Macclesfield, King Edward Street, 10.45, Rev. G. D. Foote, 6.30, Supply
Maidstone, Unitarian Church, Market Buildings, 6.30, Mrs. Muriel Hilton
Manchester, Blackley Unitarian Church, Chapel Lane, 6.30, Mr. David C. Doel
Manchester, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Dr. R. W. Wilde
Manchester, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Maurice Bonner
Manchester, Monton Church, Eccles, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. D. T. Evans
Manchester, Pendleton Unitarian, Cross Lane, 6.30 Rev. T. W. Roberts
Manchester, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 6.30, Rev. John Gill
Manchester, Renshaw Street Mission, 6.30, Rev. B. L. Hopkin
Manchester, Stand Chapel, Whitefield, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Sydney H. Knight
Manchester, Wilbraham Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, 11, Mr. P. M. Brown
Manchester, Wythenshawe, Unitarian Church, Brownley Road, Benchill, 6.30, Supply
Mansfield, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Kenneth Sherratt
Marple, Unitarian Hall, 31 Stockport Road, 3 each Sunday
Mexborough, Free Christian Church, 6.30, Rev. E. A. Davies
Middleton, Old Road Chapel, 6, Mr. Peter Jones
Morecambe (see Lancaster)
Moretonhampstead, 3, and Newton Abbot, 6.30, Rev. C. G. Toone
Mossley, Christian Church, Stamford Road, 10.45 and 6, Mr. R. Brooks

Nantwich, Old Chapel, 6, Supply
Newcastle-on-Tyne, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. H. Coram Davies
Newchurch (Rossendale), Bethlehem Unitarian Church, 2.45 and 6, Rev. E. B. Short
Northampton, Kettering Road Church, 6.30, Mr. A. W. Kersey
Norwich, Octagon Chapel, Colegate, 11, Rev. J. A. Kennedy
Nottingham, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. Gordon Bolam

Oldbury, Unitarian Church, Birmingham Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Harold A. Gore
Oldham, Lord Street Chapel, 2.30 and 6.30, Rev. T. E. Nuttall
Oxford, Manchester College Chapel, 11.30, The Rev. The Principal

Padiham, Nazareth Unitarian Church, Knight Hill, 10.30 and 6, Rev. W. Hill Waring
Park Lane Chapel, near Wigan, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Albert Smith
Plymouth, Unitarian Centre, Houndiscombe Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. H. Kersley
Poole, Unitarian Church, Hill Street, 11, Junior Church, 6.30, Carol Service
Portsmouth, Friends' Meeting House, Fratton Bridge, 6.30, Mr. John R. Sturges
Preston, Unitarian Chapel, Church Street, 6.30, Rev. W. A. M. Hellaby

Ringwood, Hants, The Meeting House, 11, Mr. Eric Kay
Rochdale, Blackwater Street, 10.30, 2.30 and 6, Rev. William Beer
Rotherham, Church of Our Father, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. N. J. Teape

Sale, Atkinson Road, 11, Rev. John Gill
Scarborough, Unitarian Church, Westborough, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. W. T. Wilkins
Sheffield, (Attercliffe), 6.30, Mr. T. H. Morris
Sheffield, Fulwood Old Chapel, 11, Rev. F. Sokell
Sheffield, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. Stanley Whitby
Sheffield, Unity Church, Crookesmoor Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. D. Davies
Shrewsbury, High Street, Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Francis Terry
Sidmouth, Old Meeting, Unitarian, High Street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. C. Newton
Southampton, Kell Memorial Hall, Belle Vue Road, 6, Mr. H. A. Guy
Southend-on-Sea, Darnley Road, 11, Children's Church, 6.30, Miss M. Griffiths
Southport, Portland Street Church, 11, and 6.30, Rev. T. I. Jones
Stockport, Unitarian Church, St. Peter's Gate, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. I. Hodgson
St. Helens, Corporation Street, 6.30, Rev. Stanley R. Butler
Stockton-on-Tees, Wellington Street, 6.30, Supply
Stourbridge, Presbyterian Unitarian Chapel, 11, Rev. C. Simpson, 6.30, Mr. E. Lewis
Swansea, [illegible] Free Christian Meeting House, 11, Rev. B. Viney
Swansea, Unitarian Church, High Street, 6.30, Rev. B. Viney (also 11, First Sunday in the month)
Swindon, Swindon Hall Road, 10.45 and 6.30, Students.

Taunton, Mary St. Chapel, 11, Rev. W. H. Condell, 2.30, Sunday School
Tenterden, Old Meeting House, Ashford Road, 6.30, Rev. G. Kersey
Todmorden, Unitarian Church, 10.45 and 6, Mr. A. L. Fenlow
Torquay, Unity Church, Montpellier Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Charles Easton
Trowbridge, Conigre Unitarian Church, 11 (1st Sunday in month) and 6, Supply

Wallasey, Memorial Church, Manor Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Edgar W. Hill
Warrington, Cairo Street, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. Eric Wild
Watford, Friends' House, Church Road (by permission), No service
West Bromwich, Lodge Road, 11, Children's Church, 6.15, Rev. H. Maguire
West Kirby, Brookfield Gardens, 11, Rev. Maurice Johnson (Also 6.30, 1st Sunday in the month)
Whitby, Flowergate, 2.30, (Junior Church), Rev. W. T. Wilkins

York, St. Saviourgate Chapel, 6.30, Rev. T. Brett Davies

The National Unitarian Fellowship provides for those unable to attend a Unitarian Church. For information write to the Secretary, N.U.F., 15 Gordon Sq., W.C.1

AUSTRALIA

Adelaide, Unitarian Christian Church, Wakefield St., 11 and 7, Rev. Colin Gibson
Melbourne, Unitarian Church, Cathedral Place, C.2: Unitarian Half-Hour broadcast, 4.15. Services: 4 p.m., second Sunday in each month, Evening 7 p.m. Rev. V. James

Perth, Western Australia, Unitarian Free Christian Fellowship, Rev. R. H. Fotheringham, 19 Clifton Crescent, Mt. Lawley
Sydney, New South Wales, Unitarian Church, 15 Francis Street (off College St.) 7.15, Rev. G. E. Hale. Manse Telephone LX 5321
Unitarian Fellowship of Australia, 1 Gibbs Alley, Melbourne, C.1. Minister Rev. W. Bottomley. Meetings as advertised
Seaford Community Church, Austin Road, Seaford (Vic.). S.S. weekly at 2.15 p.m. Public Worship, fortnightly, 3.15 p.m. Minister: Rev. W. Bottomley

CANADA

Montreal, Church of the Messiah, Sherbrooke Street West, and Simpson Street, 11, Rev. Angus Cameron
Toronto, First Unitarian Church, 175 St. Clair Avenue West, 11, Rev. W. P. Jenkins
Vancouver, B. C., Unitarian Church of Vancouver, 1,550 Tenth Avenue West 11, Supply

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland, Unitarian Church, Ponsonby Road, 11 and 7, Rev. E. H. Mowat
Wellington, Unitarian Free Ch., Tisdall's Buildings, 180 Lambton Quay, Supply

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town, Hout Street, 11, Sunday School; 7, Service Rev. Maurice C. [illegible]

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